YOURS FREE

30th YEAR

BROADCASTING

THE BUSINESSWEEKLY OF TELEVISION AND RADIO

JANUARY 28, 1961

New NPC head, representing printed voice of broadcasting, delivers sound address . . . 5

$8 million dream of optimistic 1926 members has had troubles—but future is bright . . . 9

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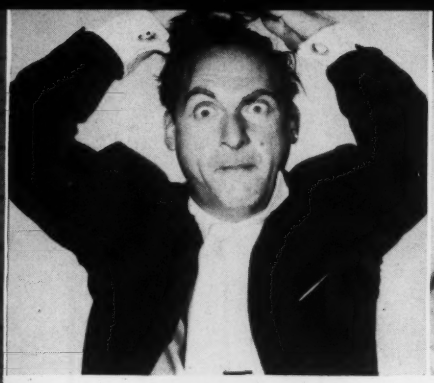
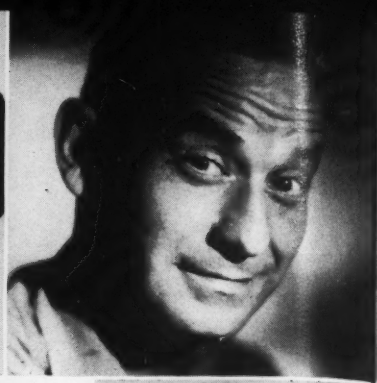
New regime bypassed Harvard, but they're ready to tackle Club's own New Frontier . . . 12





PROGRAM

1961 National Press Club Inaugural

7:00 Open House

8:00 The U. S. Navy Band Orchestra & The Sea Chanters, conducted by Comdr. Charles Brendler

9:00 Inaugural Ceremonies
James C. Hagerty, M. C.
Chief Justice Warren administers oath to President John P. Cosgrove

9:15 Inaugural Gala
George Tapps & His Dancers
The Four Lads
Sid Caesar with Cliff Norton

10:30 Dancing
Devron's Music
Joel Margolis, producer

As it always does, the top talent of the entertainment, broadcasting and publishing worlds has turned out for an NPC inauguration. From top left, reading clockwise: James C. Hagerty, former News Secretary to President Eisenhower and now News Vice President of ABC network, M.C. of this evening's program; Sid Caesar and Cliff Norton, greats of TV humor; the Four Lads, Columbia recording artists; U. S. Navy Band, which has played for the inauguration of every Press Club president; George Tapps & Company, original interpreters of dance.

CLOSED CIRCUIT®

Abounding Johns

Washington's other inauguration reminded President Cosgrove of time early last year when former Sen. Kennedy addressed club. During preluncheon board reception, four Johns answered when Claude Mahoney, MBS, called, "Oh, John!" to John O'Brien, *Philadelphia Inquirer*. Responding Johns—Kennedy, Cosgrove, O'Brien and Horner (*Washington Star*).

Alarms & diversions

There's quiet move under way to pressure Cosgrove administration into doing something about somber atmosphere of cardroom. Chess-playing addicts have proposed installation of stereo juke box loaded with rock 'n' roll records. Next idea is to install hostess to be purloined from Gaslight Club. But there's adamant opposition to proposal that card playing for keeps be prohibited.

Under table deal

It hasn't made much progress, but undercover move is a foot at Pete Snyder's roundtable to halt questionable activities of junketing diners who mail back photos of undraped dames under tropical palms. Chief opponent of ban is Irv Foos, who contends absence of photos will practically eliminate luncheon conversation.

Unmanned

Secret plans being drafted to meet physical hazard posed by rococo backs of main dining room chairs.

First proposal to offset danger of space-wasting objet d'art *seats is to equip waiters, most frequent victims of sharp corners, with flexible steel girdles.*

Alternative is special insurance policy protecting against loss of employment and/or consortium as result of contact with chair backs.

Sedentary squeeze

Knights of Snyder roundtable on 14th Street side of dining room, capacity of which was cut from 12 to 9 seats by wide chairs, expected to hire famed cabinet maker who claims he can make three seats out of each two chairs without desecrating impeccable decor.

'26 Enero'

Speaking of the roundtable, new group of non-conformists has been formed within NPC called "The Young Turks" and promises to make its presence felt in immediate future. Youngsters have three goals: (1) to get seats at roundtable for lunches in dining room; (2) to participate in all games of chance in card room and return frosty stare for frosty stare with oldtimers who claim squatters rights; (3) to put an end to automatic escalator system in club elections by running full slate of candidates—with promise of active and colorful campaigns. To join "Turks," NPC member must be under 56 years old and outspoken antagonist of accepted world.

Nominal reward

Pierre Salinger, President Kennedy's news secretary who addressed Club luncheon Wednesday on national security, national media and assorted topics, was a victim of lax NPC security. Someone absconded with the original sketch of the seating layout for the first live Presidential news conference, which he had brought along to the luncheon. It's rumored there may be a slight reward for its return, or better still a promise of immunity from prosecution.

Recipe hunters?

Club's great crime wave—clipping of magazines in library—may be heading for climax. Cosgrove administration has taken Sicilian blood oath to avenge honor of periodical chastity repeatedly violated by club members who surreptitiously clip items from *Barrons, Time, Virginia Quarterly, Newsweek, Scientific American, Harpers,* BROADCASTING and *Ironmonger's Sunday Intelligencer.* Fie on the "cut-ups," say club literary addicts.

Cullen's hole card

Portly, cigar-chomping Vice President George Cullen has been carrying on two careers at once, unbeknownst to most NPC members. Machinations at Press Club are well known, but at other end of Avenue Uncle George has another well-oiled political machine. He's been chairman of executive committee of Congressional Periodical Gallery six years and has built up Capitol gang that many consider equal, if not superior, to that of his late townsman, Boss Hague.

$2 saved... $2 earned

Exceptionally large turnout for last Monday's membership meeting has heartened incoming club administration. Gratifying attendance was credited to a newly-created spirit among members and to fact that snow canceled out day's card at Bowie.

In an aside at meeting, one member not only supported dues increase but privately suggested that there be an even greater hike. Family requests that flowers be omitted.

Rigged?

Incredibly short period between time of NPC vote to raise club dues and time members got notices of same in mail prompts some tightwads to mumble that either (1) postal workers have begun unaccustomed sprint under Kennedy gadfly or (2) dues-boost notices were already in mail before NPC balloting.

For men—and mice?

Inside men's bar (*verboten* to all but males who make up club membership and male guests) is door to washroom. On door is word "Men." Now that does raise one very fine point. . .

Also, in connection with that door, members are hopeful that special meeting of board can expedite replacement of third letter that was stolen off door (see sketch, page 19).

Rump movement

There are signs of schism among working newsmen who can't partake of NPC's Thursday night beef feast because of office commitments. Frustrated Beefeaters, as group is called, originated among staffers of *U. S. News & World Report,* BROADCASTING and several other weeklies. Two ideas considered—move feast to Tuesdays or change deadlines.

No retirement plan

Prexy Cosgrove doesn't know it, but there's space for only one more name on "Past Presidents" plaque above lounge fireplace; naturally, it's reserved for Ed Edstrom.

Our fine specimens

Committeemen in charge of annual NPC Family Frolic are seriously considering rule that would prohibit club members from wearing shorts to outing. Remarked one shocked worker: "If Mother Nature had seen some of our guys in shorts, she would have a done better planning job on knees."

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EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

Sol Taishoff

National Press Club

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Broadcasting Publications, Inc.

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INAUGURAL ISSUE

This is a special edition of BROADCASTING and its new sister publication, TELEVISION. Such souvenir issues are published irregularly—as often as we can get a staffman into the Press Club's top spot.

This Cosgrove edition was written by many people, and was edited by a staff composed of Dave LeRoy, *U.S. News & World Report*, chairman of NPC's Publications Committee; Fred Fitzgerald and Frank Beatty, both of BROADCASTING; and Fred Galbraith, *U.S. News & World Report*.

OPEN MIKE ®

Well-Wishin' John

MR. PRESIDENT: I do congratulate you on your election upon "principles only," and wish you every success during your term of office. — HERBERT HOOVER, *Waldorf Astoria Towers, New York City.*

MR. PRESIDENT: It is a privilege to salute John Cosgrove as he takes his place among local newspapermen and leaders in other fields who enhanced the reputation of the Wyoming Valley community through their activities and accomplishments.—JOHN J. MCSWEENEY, *Editor, Times-Leader, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.*

MR. PRESIDENT: Heartiest congratulations to you on your election as president of the National Press Club. There is a certain something that does not seem right about winning an election when you don't have an opponent, but I have always kind of admired that kind of politician.—PIERRE SALINGER, *News Secretary to President Kennedy.*

MR. PRESIDENT: As a member of the National Press Club since 1933, I was happy to note an account of your election as the Club's 53rd president. I congratulate you most heartily and wish for you a most successful term of office, which I know is assured. — JAMES A. FARLEY, *Chairman of the Board, Coca-Cola Export Corp.*

MR. PRESIDENT: Was happy to read about your election. Congratulations on this recognition.—J. LEONARD REINSCH, *WSB Radio and Television, Atlanta, Ga.*

MR. PRESIDENT: Since BROADCASTING magazine on Dec. 5 noted that press conferences are called news conferences and suggested that Pierre Salinger be referred to as President Kennedy's news secretary, not press secretary, a forthcoming change in the nomenclature of the National Press Club would seem obvious from the fact that its new president is an executive of BROADCASTING magazine. Conflict of interests or not, all best wishes to you for a most successful administration.—ROBERT E. KINTNER, *President, National Broadcasting Co.*

MR. PRESIDENT: Just a word to let you know how delighted we are, personally and as chief pilot for a national broadcasting organization, that John Cosgrove is at the helm of the National Press Club. For now we are at least able to envision the possibility of that sign over the stately door being changed to read: "National News Club."—ROBERT F. HURLEIGH, *President, Mutual Broadcasting System, New York City.*

MR. PRESIDENT: Permit me to congratulate you. It comes as no surprise that a BROADCASTING staff man has been given this high honor. — LEONARD H. GOLDENSON, *President, American Broadcasting-Paramount Theatres Inc., New York City.*

MR. PRESIDENT: I congratulate you on having been elected President of the National Press Club. It is a great organization and one to which I am proud to belong.—HARRY S. TRUMAN, *Independence, Mo.*

MR. PRESIDENT: As one who knew you when, and how, it is a great satisfaction to send you salutations and extra-good wishes. I am proud to recall your diligent effectiveness in past times and predict your continuing success in your new responsibilities. — BYRON PRICE, *Chestertown, Md.*

MR. PRESIDENT: All broadcasters should be delighted with [your] election to the presidency of the National Press Club. You have my warm congratulations as does BROADCASTING for being the first trade publication in any field to produce an NPC president—*Frank Stanton, President, CBS, New York City.*

Long pants for the business press

MR. PRESIDENT: Ever since I came to Washington in 1916 and scraped up enough money to pay initiation fees to the National Press Club, I have looked upon presidents of the club as Great Men. I still do.

I don't mean to flatter you—a friend of long acquaintance—but I do want you to remember that presidents of the club over the past few decades have been outstanding as individuals and as journalists. This doesn't prove anything about you, but it suggests something pretty good.

Also, there is this to it: I remember the day when the business press ranked so low in this town that it was difficult for a competent journalist from those ranks to get into the club by the tradesmen's entrance, or to rise in it. Of course, ideas have changed, and this is helpful to the entire profession, and you are the first person from the business press to climb to the dizzy heights of president. I think this is thrilling.

I congratulate not only you, but also the club.—W. M. KIPLINGER, *The Kiplinger Washington Editors.*

BROADCASTING
THE BUSINESSWEEKLY OF TELEVISION AND RADIO
January 28, 1961

'HONEST JOHN' TAKES OFF(ICE)

■ The Army's rocket (on cover) is field-tested
■ Ours goes on the launching pad tonight
■ With a dues hike for a second-stage booster

By John V. Horner
The Washington Star
NPC President 1958

John Patrick Cosgrove of BROADCASTING and TELEVISION magazines, a man with all the obvious qualifications of Chief Executives who take office this year, tonight was inaugurated President of the National Press Club.

In a ceremony as impressive as it was electronic, he swore to high heaven and Chief Justice of the United States Earl Warren that he would run HIS club as he damn well saw fit.

A distinguished audience witnessed the formalities and a star-studded program of entertainment headed by the incomparable Sid Caesar. Former White House Press Secretary James C. Hagerty, now news Vice President of ABC, was Master of Ceremonies.

On the program with these headliners were Cliff Norton, The Four Lads, George Tapps and His Dancers and the Navy Band, directed by Comdr. Charles Brendler. Devron's popular orchestra played for the entertainment and for dancing afterwards.

Mr. Cosgrove is the 53d President—not just the 35th.

Incidentally, he is the first Catholic President of the Club since the last one.

All objective news correspondents—that is, those who panned the old Administration—agreed President Cosgrove's Inaugural Address was one of the greatest in history.

It was eloquent, they said. It was short. It was full of no specifics. And the man wrote it himself.

The members immediately warmed to the new President, who will, of course, be 43 years old this year! He hit them squarely between their ears with something they understood: he told them to play a child's game.

"Follow the Leader!" he commanded. The crowd cheered.

"We have penetrated the Old Frontiers!" he proclaimed. The excited throng roared.

"And now," he demanded, "let us charge ever onward—onward to the New Horizons, wherever they are!"

Pandemonium broke out when the President tossed his minions a direct challenge.

"Do as I say, not as I do," he instructed them.

"Ask not what I will do for you. Just tell me what the hell you'll do for me."

Phryne, the unclad lady in the painting on the Lounge wall, turned on her other side.

Everyone seemed to sense the parallel in the careers of this President and another third generation Irishman who took the helm barely a week before.

Speaking of the helm, our man has been there too. President Cosgrove is a Navy man, not a PT skipper but one who did yeoman service in World War II aboard a larger ship, the USS Gendreau (DE 639). He participated in many an important naval engagement, from patrolling at Guadalcanal, through Okinawa, and eventual Japanese occupation.

He was a talker even then. He took orders and passed them along for the captain—from the bridge. Now look where he is.

Of late, somehow, President Cosgrove

Continued on page 14

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

January 26, 1961

Dear Mr. Cosgrove:

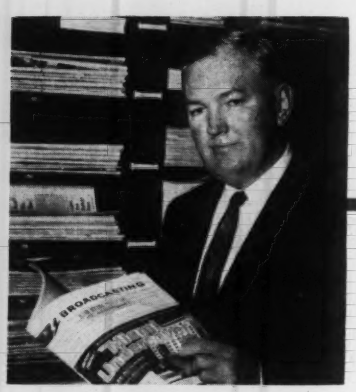
I want to take this opportunity to offer my congratulations upon the occasion of your election as President of the National Press Club.

I am also delighted that I have been accepted as a member of the Club and I know that under your administration the Club will prosper.

Sincerely,

John Kennedy

Mr. John Cosgrove
President
National Press Club
Washington, D.C.



BROADCASTING RESPECTS

John P. Cosgrove

ONE SUNDAY afternoon nearly a quarter-century ago a red-cheeked high school lad gazed enthralled across blossom-spangled Tidal Basin. "I like it here," he whispered as his mind wandered from Eastertime Washington back to the industrial gloom of the anthracite belt.

John P. (for "Patrick," according to Luzerne County, Pa., records; for "Politics" according to his Press Club friends) Cosgrove meant what he said on his one-day excursion that spring Sunday in 1937. Back at his Pittston, Pa., home he finished his high school course, earned some small capital and Greyhounded to Washington.

City room service ▪ With two years reporting background (afternoons and evenings on the *Wilkes-Barre Record*), he went job hunting around Press Bldg. bureaus and wire services, landing a job on the AP dictation desk and stringing on the side for papers back in Pennsylvania.

Late one summer night in 1939 the phone rang just as he reached home after work. Ted Koop, AP early editor, was calling. "Hitler has marched into Austria, John," Ted said. "Can you come right back?"

He could and did, spending the night taking historic copy from AP's White House and State Dept. staffers. By morning Washington journalism was in his blood—to stay. The jump upward from an AP dictation desk was a long one so he went job hunting again. An opening had developed at the National Republican Congressional Committee and he was assigned to its famous speech and handout hatchery in the garret of the Old House Office Bldg.

In 1940 Wendell Willkie lost his GOP campaign and John Cosgrove lost his GOP job. He had another handy, though, and moved to the Senate side in the office of Sen. Hiram Johnson, again writing speeches and handouts.

Came the conflict ▪ WWII arrived, leading to immediate enlistment in the Navy. John landed in naval communications as yeoman 3d class and later was assigned to the Office of Censorship as assistant, in uniform, to Ted Koop, assistant director of censorship under Byron Price. After being landlocked almost two years he asked for sea duty. He got it—two solid years aboard the *USS Gendreau* (DE639), a destroyer escort that acquired fame for its record of shooting down and warding off Japanese kamikaze planes during the Okinawa ceremonies.

In February 1946 he was released from duty and set out to find a job. After assorted assignments he joined the staff of BROADCASTING. He's now publications director of Broadcasting Publications Inc., whose founder and president is Sol Taishoff, longtime NPC member. In addition to BROADCASTING businessweekly, founded in 1931, Sol recently acquired TELEVISION, a monthly *Fortune*-type book for its namesake business.

After his first BROADCASTING pay check, John realized a longtime ambition by joining NPC. In 1953, as chairman of NPC's Publications Committee, he produced the special inaugural issue of BROADCASTING honoring Ted Koop, CBS Washington director of news and public events and first NPC president from electronic journalism.

Committee head ▪ He served three years as publications chairman, putting the Club's *Record* on a regular schedule. This energy and time-eating committee chairmanship is now held by Dave LeRoy, *U. S. News & World Report*.

During his three-year chairmanship John became interested in club politics, discovering quickly that even in NPC's relatively relaxed environment a political career has its ups and also its downs. His first political foray was a down—he lost a 5-4 board vote for a board vacancy.

One licking doesn't faze a true politician. It convinced John he could make the NPC political team. A run for financial secretary in 1955 was successful.

By that time he had framed his political strategy. It's really quite simple—always run in a club election without opposition. This involves a bit of doing: First, take club membership and official service seriously; second, build up friendships by daily contacts; third, enlist the support of key members and groups well in advance of elections to discourage competition.

It worked ▪ This methodology paid off during one election that had developed into a three-way fight for two places on the board. His blitz campaign in the "primaries" was so successful that one of the contestants withdrew a few hours before the balloting.

On the way to the presidency John had one of NPC's most important publication tasks—production of the Golden Anniversary club history, *shrdlu*—"an affectionate chronicle" of 50 dramatic years.

And on his way up the escalator he was aided by the unbelievable patience of his gracious wife, Pat, for whom late and lonesome dinners became normal routine. John had courted the former Patricia O'Hara, a Washington native, in post-war years. They were married in 1951.

At home in hills ▪ The new NPC president loves the rolling acreage of the outlying suburbs. He's a man of simple but patrician tastes—elderly bourbon, grilled steaks and good music, for example. An fm set in the living room provides dawn-to-bedtime music. He's an amateur painter, preferring landscapes. Once he glamorized his white board fence in oil and he has been active in NPC's art shows.

John is of medium height and not as heavy as his chubby cheeks would indicate. His hair is grayish for his age (42) and absolutely atypical of his auto-energized carcass. He's soft-spoken, persistent and thinks along organized patterns. A slow-burner most of the time, he can come up with a sizzling burst of temper when aggravated. He worships at Our Lady of Mercy Catholic Church in Potomac, Md., and belongs to the National Press Club Bldg. Corp. board and Cabin John Fire Board.

Platform? Of course. Broadly, he wants to see constant improvement in club service to members. His presidential campaign was directed at energizing the younger club members into more active participation and to bringing in new members who should have joined long ago.—*Frank Beatty*, BROADCASTING.

The bar boycott . . .

When Harold Brayman of the *Philadelphia Public Ledger* ran for vice president, he defeated Lorenzo Martin of the *Louisville Courier-Journal* and then, in 1938 succeeded to the presidency entirely unopposed. Mr. Brayman later became Director of Public Relations for E. I. duPont de Nemours and Co. His administration doubtless would have followed the usual round of entertainment of distinguished guests and steady development of the Club had it not been for a wholly unforeseen series of events which resulted in a remarkable revolt, now recalled as "The Bar Boycott."

It has long been an honored custom that when some tall lad has spent a bitter night at the cards, not favored by God, stripped of his last quarter, and feeling as though beaten with rods, some kindly bartender shall perform anew the miracle of Cana and turn the thin water of destitution into a wine of momentary well-being, with compassion, and without charge. One such heartening episode occurred one morning in 1938 in the taproom of the Club. No safety of mind lies in analyzing the motives of a casual reformer, but it is enough to report that such a one did run to the Club president, Mr. Brayman, and said that the bartender was giving away drinks!

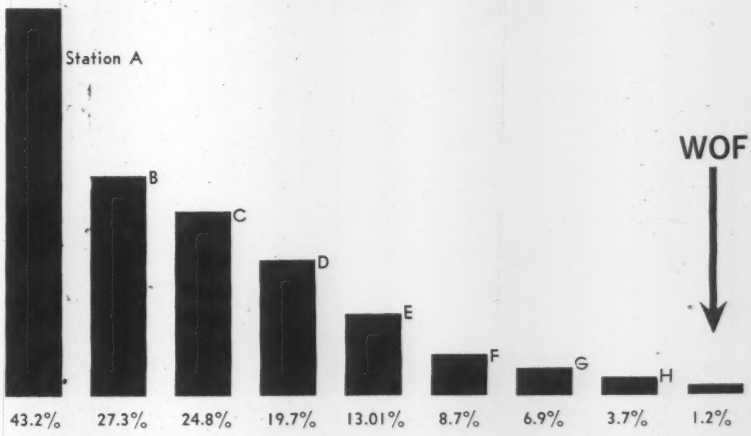
Summarily, Mr. Brayman suspended the bartender one week without pay.

The victim, George Miller, had tended bar in the Club taproom for many years. His perennial geniality and kindliness were held in high esteem.

A rescue mission ▪ So, when customers began to drift in there were questions concerning George. Another bartender stood somewhat diffidently in his place. Aled Davies, then with the Gannett papers, was about the first to inquire, and then publicist Sam Jones. They heard the story and began to brood. As others—Henry Flynn, Frank Healy, Harvey Jacob, Ralph Collins, Steve Walter, and others of their colleagues entered, their combined brooding bore fruit in a determination to take up a collection to pay George's salary during the week of his suspension. As a member would enter the taproom, he would be accosted and the case stated. Without exception, the newcomer made his contribution, anything from a quarter to a dollar.

It would be difficult to assign proper credit for the burgeoning of the full-blown inspiration which sprang from this seedling. Almost inperceptibly the benefit collection turned into that profound political weapon, the boycott of the bar. To those of deeper feelings, *Editor's note: Sorry we don't have space to finish the tale, which is told completely in* shrdlu. *Copies of this affectionate chronicle, the Club's first fifty years, are available at* $5.25 *at the office.*

WOF IS FIRST AGAIN*



Data above are taken from the Hector Blassingame survey—22nd annual edition of this famed study.

Hector was out to determine which station had the greatest number of box elders in the foyer, a study that would seem inconsequential on the surface, but one that's actually loaded with insignificance.

Please note low count for WOF. Our foyer is practically all jack pine.

*First to admit it's last in WOF-land.

MONDAY MEMO

from BILL BEARD, president, Associated Business Publications, N. Y.

Huzzas for President John - - - Cosgrove!!

Those are what Webster says are "shouts of joy, triumph, approval, etc." —which is exactly what we of the business press feel an urge to send up for BROADCASTING's John Cosgrove, on account of the National Press Club is naming him its head man.

That's pretty darned significant news, we think; it makes us very proud—for John, and for businesspapers. We regard the NPC with large respect and considerable awe, especially those of us who labor in the provincial vineyards of journalism, removed from the glamor goings-on at the seat of government. (Anyway, we suppose they're glamorous and don't wish to be disenchanted.) We envisage men who come to us over the air with keyhole insight and "name" byliners huddling in the cozy NPC quarters (sometimes at the bar, maybe) trading dope on matters of cosmic import. We read of the great personages the world over addressing the august National Press Club. To us it's an *institution*—and to have a businesspaper man in its first office is pleasing indeed.

The First Such Choice ▪ The more so since it is my understanding John Cosgrove is the first from our ranks to be so recognized. That's kind of startling in a way because businesspapers are a mighty arm of journalism and growing more so by the hour. In Washington, and everywhere. So while huzzas are being raised it should be in order to shout a few for the NPC, which brings genuine credit to itself in honoring a man from the business press.

Gosh! Gratification floods into lots of quarters. I know Sol Taishoff and his able crew on BROADCASTING are delighted. Sol is a journalistic pro down to his insteps (as that recent kudo from Sigma Delta Chi further testified.) He must believe it's a fine thing for one of his staff executives to head the potent NPC. And be happy it's John Cosgrove, whom he nurtured from a mere lad in the business, and who has contributed muchly to the stature BROADCASTING has won in thirty years of splendid service to its field.

We in the Associated Business Publications insist on a slice of the glad feelings, too. You men of the broadcasting brotherhood wouldn't know much about the ABP, or necessarily care a lot. Though it's worth your observing that this group reaches back more than half a century, which was before illustrious ones like Edison and deForrest and Marconi had gotten around to spawning your business. ABP forged a code of behavior with teeth back in the early teens, pioneering which other media got around to in due course.

More Power to the Press ▪ We have helped build a sturdy field of communications and the really top-flight papers of America's business press—papers of BROADCASTING's breed—wear its emblem of membership. We are a proud group—and it adds to our pride that a man as fine as John Cosgrove who earns his b. and b. on a publication as fine as BROADCASTING is the newly-chosen president of an organization as fine as the National Press Club.

Seems like we can all enjoy a warm glow—the business press and the ABP —the world of broadcasting and its leading publication—the NPC—and, of course, President John P. Cosgrove. A flock of huzzas!

POTOMAC FEVER

By Fletcher Knebel, Register & Tribune Syndicate

John Cosgrove is inaugurated President of the Press Club. This was a case of the office seeking the man—and being ambushed on its first day out.

* * *

With Cosgrove for President and George Cullen for Vice President, the Club partakes of the new Washington trend—a Celtic Renaissance.

* * *

Robert E. Lee is installed as Secretary. He will keep the minutes—and the members will count the hours—until 1962.

Cosgrove served two years aboard a small Navy warship in the Pacific, but his aspirations for higher office are limited. The ship was never rammed and sunk.

* * *

Cecil Holland is the new Club Treasurer. As a young man he played pro basketball and now, after 30 years in newspaper work, he returns to his first love—money.

* * *

Cosgrove is Director of Publications for Broadcasting Publications, Inc., which among other things publishes a magazine called—if Dick Nixon will pardon the expression—*Television.*

NPC TOWER: LATEST REPORT

The 8-million-dollar dream of the optimistic 1926 members has had troubles—but future stays bright

by BEN J. GRANT

NPC President, 1957; member of the board, National Press Building Corp.

Thirty-five years ago, in January, 1926, there was a huge hole in the ground at the southeast corner of 14th and F Streets in Washington, and signs on the two sides of the intersection announced that here would rise the National Press Building.

This was the fulfillment of a dream that had occupied some of the venturesome members of the Press Club for years. Yet now, with the project actually under way, the jubilation of the membership was somewhat less than unanimous.

A good many of the fellows around the old quarters in the Albee Building had objected from the start, and still had not been won over to the idea. Eight million dollars, the amount involved in the scheme, seemed an awful lot of money for a club that was always broke. Anyway, said the dissenters, a bunch of newspapermen had no business dabbling in real estate.

There were times in the months and years that followed when many other members decided the dissenting brothers probably had been right after all. Eight million dollars, as things turned out, was indeed a lot of money.

Biggest ▪ But in those early weeks of 1926, the majority said go ahead. That was the spirit of the Twenties, and the Press Club had big, fancy ideas. So the building went up—14 stories, the biggest private office building in town. (In 1961, it's still the biggest.) The Press Club itself took part of the 13th floor and all the 14th floor, for a rental of $1 a year. The remainder of the building was rented out, the first tenants moving in toward the end of the summer of 1927.

For a while, things went along fine. Then came the Depression. The building was scarcely two years old at the time of the crash of 1929. The National Press Building, like many other business enterprises, went through the wringer. There was a period of bankruptcy, then a reorganization and refinancing. Little by little, in the years that followed, the venture began to get back on its feet.

All that seems a long time ago.

No vacancy ▪ It has been years now since the National Press Building had any worry about keeping fully occupied. The building is making money. Problems remain, including the problem of a long-term debt totaling 5.3 million dollars. But the building is soundly financed, and the debt—regularly and on schedule—is being retired. The faith of the sturdy band that pushed the Club into undertaking an 8-million-dollar building has long since been upheld.

In 1960, for which figures have just been compiled, the building had its biggest year yet.

All told, mainly from rentals, the income was $1,167,000, a new record. Expenses—for operation, interest on debt, and taxes—were $1,019,000. That left a net income of $148,000, another new high. As has been the practice in past years, the earnings were applied on the debt.

Where does the Club fit into all this? What do we have to do with the building?

You might sum up the answer this way: The Club is not only the favored tenant, but also the principal owner of the building. This piece of real estate at 14th and F Streets, worth an undetermined number of millions, is the Club's most valuable asset.

The building is owned and operated by a separate corporation, known as the National Press Building Corporation. In that corporation there are 26,000 shares of common stock outstanding, and the National Press Club owns 20,000 of them. That means the Club holds 77 per cent of the stock.

It is kind of roundabout, but the Club does exercise control over the corporation. This is accomplished through a board of five trustees appointed by the Club's Board of Governors to vote the stock held by the Club. The trustees also appoint the Corporation's Board of Directors, which in turn appoints the officers and Executive Committee. All these people—the trustees, Board of Directors, officers and Executive Committee—are members of the Club.

The money problem ▪ Now the inevitable question: How long before the Club will get some cash dividends out of the Building Corporation? Probably not for a number of years. True, the building is making money, and there is no legal reason why the Corporation couldn't declare a small cash dividend. However, when the building is in debt by more than 5 million dollars, it makes good sense to apply every possible dollar of earnings toward reducing debt. That is the judgment of the men who run the building for you.

On top of that, there are some uncertainties ahead.

The biggest tenant of the building is Loew's Capitol Theater. The theater lease expires in 1962. Negotiations with Loew's have been going on for months. At the same time, studies of other possible uses for that space are being made. The building management expects to offer some alternatives to the Board of Directors meeting next month.

The second-biggest tenant, the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation, is putting up a building of its own, and will move out of the Press Building sometime in 1962. FDIC occupies more than a fifth of all the building.

The future ▪ Over the long term, the future of the building—and thus of the Club itself—appears secure.

The outlook, in short, promises well for the Club. You can't see it in terms of money in the bank, but potentially this is a wealthy club. Incidentally, it's worth pointing out that the 20,000 shares we own didn't cost the Club anything in the first place.

The facts about your building

Name: National Press Building.
Age: 34 years. Built in 1926-27.
Owner: National Press Building Corporation, in which 77 per cent of the common stock is owned by the National Press Club.
Size of building: 6.8 million cubic feet, 14 stories, tallest private building in Washington.
Street frontage: 269 feet on F Street, 150 feet on 14th Street.
What's in it: 1,001 offices; 11 street-front stores; 2 miles of corridors; National Press Club; Loew's Capitol Theater, the largest theater in the East, south of Philadelphia.
Tenants: Washington offices of 400 news media, United Press, Federal Deposit Insurance Corp., law offices, trade associations, many others.
Value: Cost $8 million, including land, in 1926-27. Worth more now.
Debt: $4 million in mortgage debt, $1.3 million in income debentures. Total long-term debt: $5.3 million.

BOXER, SAILOR, BENEDICT, FIREMAN AND FARMER . . . . . .

1920 ▪ The right is cocked, the left is in reserve, and the politically-savvy smile is ready.

1921 ▪ The young John P. Cosgrove, of Pittston, Pa., aged 3, shows off equitation style on a pony named Victory. Too late for the great days of cavalry, he eyes other fields.

1941-46 ▪ World War II turned Mr. Cosgrove into Y3c Cosgrove, communications specialist. He served in the Office of Censorship under Ted Koop, his old AP boss who is an ex-President of the NPC and now CBS director of news and public affairs. In 1944 he went on sea duty, at his own request, aboard the destroyer escort "Gendreau."

. . . . THE LIFE OF "HONEST JOHN" COSGROVE IN PICTURES

1951 ▪ Peacetime—and "Broadcasting" staffer Cosgrove marries Miss Patricia E. O'Hara in Washington.

1959 ▪ For the editor of "shrdlu," the NPC's "affectionate chronicle," a special Headliners' Club award, presented by Thomas Paprocki of the Associated Press.

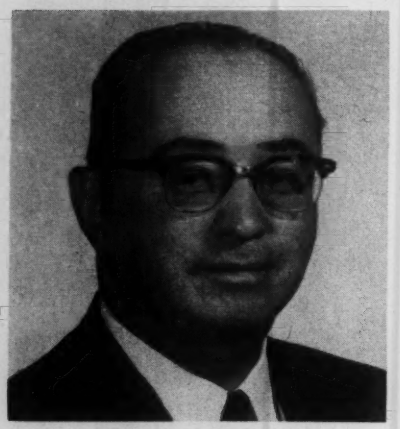
Last week ▪ In a typical pose, gentleman farmer Cosgrove of Potomac, Md., protests that he has only semi-professional status on the tractor he uses for gentleman-farming.

Next week ▪ Member Cosgrove of the Fire Board—"Honest John" from Cabin John—as he ponders some of the fires he'll be called on to put out as incoming President.

THE NPC'S NEW REGIME MOVES IN

Most officers bypassed Harvard, but they have all signified that they're ready and willing to tackle the Club's own New Frontier

Vice President



George Cullen

There is a hazy theory around the Press Club that the "big" man is always the Vice President. He's on his way up, and the new President, whoever he is, is having his last fling, glorious though it may be.

If there is anything to this notion, the "hot boy" around the club this year is George Cullen, better known as Landslide Cullen.

Landslide has been in the news business since 1918, around Washington some 20 years, and around the Press Club about as long. He has been a longtime chairman of the Periodical Press Galleries and is about as well-known among the slaves of the news media as the next one.

This counted in George's favor in 1957 —barely. He twice had been elected secretary of NPC without a contest. But in that fateful year he decided to run for a three-year term on the board. Several others had the same idea. And some of George's well-meaning friends urged him to turn on his rotund charm, spring for a few libations at the bar and otherwise comport himself like a well-scared candidate.

George refused to let these back-seat drivers shake his confidence. He believed in the fable of the hare and the tortoise. And he was right. He won—by three votes. Ever since he has been known as Landslide Cullen.

Having proved his theory that he could win by announcing his candidacy, Landslide did it again in December—being elected Vice President by another landslide (no opposition). In due course, since he has faith in the fates and in precedent, as well as his own unhurried talent for getting there, George will be ticketed for club President.

Before he reached his exalted position as No. 2 boy in the club, George had been vice-chairman of the Board of Governors. Back yonder some years, he served a diligent apprenticeship on the Budget and Finance Committee and on the House Committee. He did stretches as chairman of each.

An amused world was introduced to George several decades ago in Jersey City, N. J., and George was even more amused. He subsequently amused his way through development courses with the United Press in New York, Gannett papers in Syracuse and Rochester, the AP in New York, Albany and Washington. Along the line, he presided over two dailies, the *Flushing* (N.Y.) *Journal* and the *Middletown* (N.Y.) *Herald*, jumping ship before these papers folded.

For 18 years, George has been with the Bureau of National Affairs, which reaps economic, financial and business news from widespread sources at the Capitol and around town—and presently he is chief of the BNA Congressional staff. He and his devoted wife, Mabel, live in the Brandywine Apartments, a name which has no significance whatever to its distinguished tenant.—KERMIT McFARLAND

Secretary

Robert E. Lee

Robert E. Lee, new Secretary of the National Press Club, likes to say: "Yes, I was born in the South—South Orange, N. J." But no one from South Orange has ever been heard taking particular credit for that geographical mishap. Nevertheless, "The General," as he is known to his few intimates, staunchly wraps himself in the banners of New Jersey, South Orange, and his erstwhile newspaper, the *Newark Evening News*—an affiliation which however short will now result, Lee hopes, in a stream of exclusive leaks from the Pentagon.

These days, Lee does bravely bear one dubious distinction. He is the only person who ever went to Harvard who has not been offered a job in the new Administration — national Administration, that is.

In 1952 he left the United Press, with which he had for some years been inconspicuously employed, and was given a Nieman Fellowship at Cambridge. He

failed during his year in The Yard to absorb the polish, gloss, *savoir-faire,* and man-of-the-world style usually associated with those exposed to Harvard. Indeed, on occasion he has even been mistaken for a Yale man, a mien which may make him suspect along the New Frontier. As an undergraduate, he is said to have attended Amherst College, a charge which college authorities will neither confirm nor deny.

In recent years he has been more or less gainfully employed as a Washington correspondent for Ridder Publications, in which position he has conducted himself with an astounding mixture of arrogance toward his publishers and sniveling subservience to his Bureau Chief.

How often has he said to his Bureau Chief, "Come over to the Press Club, Wally, and I'll buy you a drink," only later surreptiously to place on his expense account an unexplained item "One Martini . . . $0.75," thereby seeking to aggrandize while at the same time deluding himself that the Bureau Chief thinks the better of him for the whole shabby performance.

In his new-found eminence in National Press Club politics, Lee's barroom voice is likely to be a little shriller, his opinions more assertively intoned, and his misinformation a little deeper than in the past. The Press Club is certainly to be congratulated upon its new Secretary.—WALTER T. RIDDER

Financial Secretary

Phillip M. Swatek

Surely no one is more qualified to be inaugurated tonight as Club Financial Secretary than balding, bold Phillip M. Swatek of the *Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Consider his impeccable background: He was raised for a while in a log cabin in a resort area of northern Michigan. He wasted half his life in school and the U. S. Navy playing ball, and pitched at least one magnificent game for an Illinois pro team. He was paid $5, and quit while he was ahead.

Unfortunately, his timing was a bit off when he launched an unwanted weekly newspaper in Indiana. Yet who can say that he didn't absorb the same masterful grasp of bankrupt economics as Harry Truman did in a haberdashery?

But his main claim on the new job, the *ne plus ultra* of qualifications, is his former close association with the nation's outgoing Secretary of the Treasury, Robert B. Anderson. Some years ago Mr. Anderson was manager of Texas' second-largest ranch, and our Phil was on his payroll as an "augurologist" drilling for oil. The short title for that is "jug-hustler."

Anyone who once hustled jugs for the Secretary of the Treasury comes ideally equipped for juggling deficits at the National Press Club. — LUCIAN C. WARREN

Treasurer

Cecil F. Holland

The thing the *Washington Evening Star* likes best about Cecil F. Holland is his homing instinct. He's been over the wall twice, and has come home each time. This could be an asset in a National Press Club Treasurer.

Cecil set something of an all-time record as chairman of the Speakers Committee during the notable administration of John V. Horner. Being a man of remarkably few (spoken) words, he set a record for speakers heard, words spoken, and attendance during that 50th-anniversary year.

Tennesseans, somehow or other, don't like to stay in Tennessee. This must be a good thing, because without it we'd have gone without Davy Crockett and Sam Houston and Cecil Holland. Cecil chewed on his first copy pencil in Chattanooga, on the *News and Free Press.* He chewed it well, because these days when *The Star* wants a man to cover a story straight and no nonsense, the desk hollers for Cecil.

Not all of his friends know that he has written an excellent and definitive biography of John Hunt Morgan, the Confederate raider who raised Holland with the Yankees during the Civil War.

Cecil has worked for the Washington bureau of the *Chicago Sun-Times* and the *New York Herald Tribune.* Besides having deep devotion to rectitude and to facts, he also admires a charming wife named Alice and four kids: Mary Frances, Cecil, Jr., Carden and Martha.—FRED THEROUX

Board Chairman

Kermit McFarland

Board Chairman Kermit McFarland is the only man ever to set up light housekeeping on the Press Club escalator.

Two years ago—Chairman then as now—he was marked by glass-ringed tradition for Vice President. He declined, on grounds that he lacked time to do justice to the eventual presidential plum. This year he paused in midstream again.

For many, McFarland's continued sure hand on the Board is comforting.

His lucid and influential Scripps-Howard editorials urging balanced budgets and provident stewardship have stung Democrats and Republicans alike. A unique journalist, he practices as well as preaches.

McFarland wasn't always in so little of a hurry.

He assaulted big-time journalism at age 14, by calling the state desk of the *Des Moines Register* and complaining that damned little news got in about his home town of Gowrie, Ia.

The desk agreed but, the price being right, commissioned Kermit sight unseen to fill the void. For years scarcely a sparrow fell in central Iowa that the state desk, at least, didn't hear about.

It was somewhat of a jolt to the *Register* when its veteran Gowrie correspondent announced he had bought long pants and was going to the University of Iowa, which he offered to blanket. Before graduating, Mac was Iowa City corre-

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has been confused with an Army missile. People have begun calling him "Honest John."

Navy types have raised no objection because the "Honest John" is a rocket so uncomplicated that it actually works.

Installed with President Cosgrove were Vice President George Cullen of Bureau of National Affairs, Secretary Robert E. Lee of the Ridder Publications, Treasurer Cecil Holland of the Washington Star, and Financial Secretary Phillip Swatek of the Cincinnati Enquirer.

Members of the Board of Governors also took part in tonight's gala ceremonies. They are Chairman Kermit McFarland of the Scripps-Howard Newspaper Alliance; Vice Chairman Bryson Rash, National Broadcasting Company; John Cauley, Kansas City Star; Joseph A. Dear, Dear Publications; Ernest L. Barcella, United Press International; Lewis W. Shollenberger, CBS News, and Cabell Phillips, New York Times.

Pat's the First Lady even though John won

Those big campaign buttons with "PAT FOR FIRST LADY" finally accomplished their aim, though some of the Club bubbleheads gawked when foresighted members brought them out at Candidates Night on Dec. 8.

So, on election day, Pat became the First Lady . . . First Lady of the National Press Club—Pat Cosgrove, Mrs. John P. Cosgrove, that is, the first of that noble group of dames who has practically grown up in the Press Club.

Pert, eye catching, sharply groomed, built like a good swimmer (which she is) with a tinkling laugh which has developed from an adolescent giggle, Pat is a real pretty girl whose inevitable grin reveals her Irish and Italian heritage, in a way of speaking—and she usually is!

Her late father, Joyce O'Hara, was for many years one of the most charming and popular members of NPC. Her mother, the former Camille Desio, was the daughter of the first jeweler to do business on F Street. Lots of Club members bought wedding rings there.

At least two Club elders, Steve Walter and this writer, recall when they carried the new First Lady piggy-back at the age of 5, when they all used to vacation at Nag's Head, N. C. There is a legend, which says that a galloping nag, with a lantern round his neck, was used by shore pirates to lure unwary mariners onto the shoals, where their ships were looted.

Well, there's no parallel there, and we wouldn't say that John used Pat to lure votes—but she sure as heck didn't scare any away.—*CHARLES O. GRIDLEY, NPC President* 1937.

DDE

THE WHITE HOUSE

January 20, 1961

Dear Mr. President:

As you start your term of office, I send you and the members of your Administration my personal congratulations.

When you are inaugurated, I shall have been out of office for a week, enjoying private life. I can assure you that in the not too distant future you, too, will find something inviting in the thought of retirement from the office of President.

May I also take this occasion to extend, through you, my thanks to my fellow members of the Club for the many kindnesses and courtesies they have extended to Mrs. Eisenhower and myself during our stay in Washington. Both of us appreciated it and wish all of you the best of everything in the years that lie ahead.

Once again, my best wishes to you as you take your office.

Sincerely,

Dwight D. Eisenhower

Mr. John P. Cosgrove,
President,
The National Press Club,

OFFICE OF THE VICE PRESIDENT
WASHINGTON

January 16, 1961

Dear John:

I seem to be in the business lately of congratulating President-elects. I can think of no greater pleasure than in extending my best wishes to you -- a Vice President who was successful in being elected President.

Kindly allow me to wish you all the best of success and a truly big year for the National Press Club.

Sincerely,

Richard Nixon

Mr. John Cosgrove
Office of the President-elect
National Press Club

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spondent for the *Register,* UP, AP and INS, most of which are still prosperous.

Cannily figuring that Eastern experience would get him an extra $10 in Iowa, McFarland headed for the *Baltimore Sun,* which farmed him out to the *Harrisburg Patriot.* Before 1929 was over he was spotted by the *Pittsburgh Press,* and a 32-year romance with Scripps-Howard began.

He became political writer and associate editor of the *Press* before moving to Scripps-Howard's Washington bureau in 1951.

McFarland lives at the Dorchester Apartments with his wife Marjorie, another *Pittsburgh Press* alumna and one of Washington's truly charming hostesses. —BILL COOPER

Board Vice Chairman

Bryson B. Rash

For a man who lost his first broadcasting job because his voice changed, Bryson Rash, a member of the Board of Governors of the National Press Club, has gone a long way with those well-modulated vocal cords.

After that inauspicious start at the age of 12 at KMOX in St. Louis, Rash has been on the air for 35 years. During that time he has covered and broadcast almost every kind of news that involves the world today, ranging from a tour of the White House to the Eniwetok H-bomb tests. During the 1954 Army-McCarthy hearings before a Senate committee, Bryson broadcast the testimony from gavel to gavel for 37 continuous days on television (weekends excepted). For the last 12 years he has had a regular daily radio and television program in the nation's capital, which must be a record. Currently he is heard on WRC and WRC-TV, the NBC-owned stations.

Well-known facts about Governor Rash are that he is a Civil War history buff, raises roses in his garden and is dominated by his two teen-age daughters, American Beauties themselves. Less well publicized are his legal education, inspired by the late Hugh S. Johnson, and his knack of locating drinkable liquids in the middle of the Pacific Ocean. Grateful Eniwetok veterans attest to the latter.

This Civil War Centennial year may find Bryson more on the battlefields than at the Club bar. His wife, Julie, still reminds him of his "lost weekend." Bryson set out solo on a research expedition near Petersburg, Va., and was unreported for two days.

"I was fighting a Civil War battle," he says, "and I couldn't bring it to a climax."—ELMER LOWER

Board Member

John R. Cauley

A native of Indiana nurtured in the political sophistry of the old Kansas City Pendergast machine, John Rowan Cauley finds the one-candidate, Russian-election system of the National Press Club a pushover.

It leaves him with time on his hands for more serious pursuits. Like being an usher and collection-plate passer at the church attended by Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy. He looks for his religious work to be more pressing and collections more generous from those with political or criminal axes to grind.

A graduate of Missouri's famed School of Journalism, John is as proud of his scholastic background as he is of his ecclesiastic bond with the Kennedys.

From the campus he went to Kansas City, where he started his upward surge in journalism on the *Kansas City Star's* financial desk. He bounded upward from the city desk to the telegraph editorship where he developed a yearning for Washington and junkets to faraway places.

He got into the Press Club political vacuum because he fortunately is possessed of one of the principal planks of a qualifying platform—bachelorhood. He has clung to that status although he must move from apartment to apartment when his whereabouts become too widely known in maidenly circles.

John is the *Kansas City Star's* expert on foreign news, but he can't resist politics—Press Club or the Kennedys'.—JACK WILLIAMS

Board Member

Lewis W. Shollenberger

Lewis W. Shollenberger is best known in television news circles as the producer of the fifth "Great Debate" between Kennedy and Nixon.

You say there were only four debates —or confrontations, as they sometimes were called? You are right. The fifth never came off.

But Lew, the original Boy Scout, was prepared—just in case. He was tapped to produce the program for all networks in his capacity as Associate Director of Public Affairs for CBS News in Washington. He made detailed arrangements, even to printing tickets which he still distributes as souvenirs of his most glorious hour—off television.

A native of Kansas City, Mo., Lew was educated at Penn State College, where with great foresight he (1) majored in economics instead of journalism, and (2) wooed Florence Long, a journalism student who decided her name had been long enough so she lengthened it to Shollenberger.

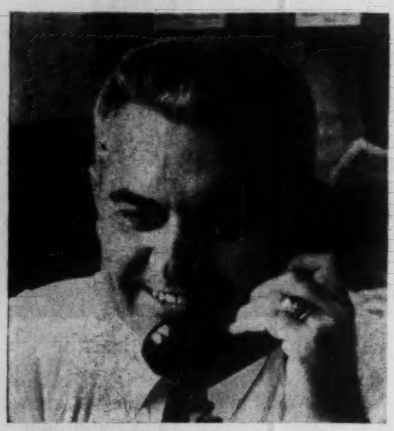
After their marriage Florence taught Lew journalism. Consequently he gave up economizing at the Federal Reserve Board to work (sic) for United Press, before it became International. Except for World War II service as a Navy officer, he has spent the last 18 of his 44 years with CBS News, cutting Presidents off the air and generally stirring things up. Only this week he produced the first

Kennedy news conference for television.

Lew has just concluded a year as president of the Radio-Television Correspondents Association. He joined the NPC Board in 1957 after having served as chairman of the Membership, Budget and Finance, and House committees—not all at the same time. A son, Bert, is at Allegheny College, and a daughter, Carol, is a senior at Woodrow Wilson High School.

In his spare time—but what television producer has any spare time?—TED KOOP

Board Member



Ernest L. Barcella

Ernie Barcella is the only Washington correspondent who ever won a major journalism award for kitchen work.

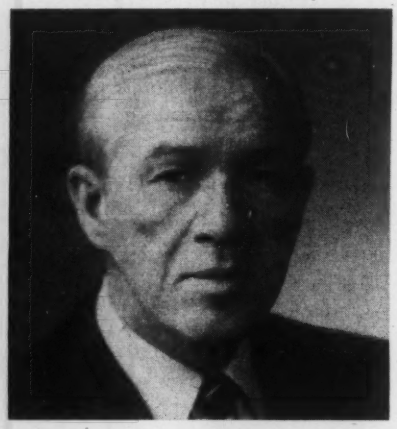
He accomplished this feat in 1959 when he received the National Headliners Award for his coverage of Vice President Richard M. Nixon's shouting match with Nikita Khrushchev in the kitchen of a model home in Moscow. Ernie was in a strategic position to cover the debate. He was standing between Nixon and Khrushchev.

He is known to his colleagues in UPI's Washington Bureau as "Coach." No one remembers whether this title is supposed to honor his position as Bureau Manager or his unrepented past as a sports writer.

Coach Barcella is a native of Hamden, Conn., and a graduate of Dartmouth. There's not much he can do about the former, but he's done his best to live down the latter. He began his newspaper career on the *New Haven Register* in 1928, has been with UP since 1930 and on its Washington staff since 1940. He has covered just about every kind of story you can mention, from baseball to bombardments, and has studied historic terrain from Iwo Jima to Gina Lollobrigida.

He has been married for 26 years to the former Louise Berniere of North Haven, Conn., an enormously patient woman. They have a daughter, Andrea, who was a homecoming beauty queen at the University of Maryland this year, and a 15-year-old son, Larry, who like his father is noted for brains rather than beauty.—LOUIS CASSELS

Board Member



Cabell Phillips

That talent for the impecunious which makes for old newspapermen appeared early in Cabell Phillips when, as a downy stripling, he forsook his native Williamsburg, Va., for Richmond, thus missing his chance to be restored with Rockefeller funds.

Now, at 55 and beyond restoration, Phillips once again will sit beyond the limelight doing the work that makes big men look good. When Richmond College failed to discern this ability in him, he left it in 1926 for the *Richmond Times-Dispatch*. The consequent mellowing of that paper's editorial outlook is generally attributed to Phillips' pioneering of the three-martini lunch, dipped in those days from the bathtub.

In the mid-1930s, hearing of the Press Club bar, he came to Washington as press officer for WPA, then headed by an obscure man named Hopkins. It can now be revealed that it was Phillips who concocted the slogan "tax and tax, elect and elect," leaked it to Arthur Krock, and made Hopkins a SOMEBODY.

He then switched to Time Inc.'s six-man bureau, thinking to do something for the obscure Henry Luce. Luce's opportunity was lost when a witless editor, given the choice of firing Phillips or a copyboy, fired Phillips.

Luce's misfortune was the Justice Department's salvation. As assistant information director, he directed rehabilitation of an agency blackened by its role in the Court-packing plan. So successful was his work that, by 1961, Everett Dirksen could remember only distinguished lawyers as Attorneys General.

After ministering briefly to the *Chicago Herald American*, he noted the plight of the *New York Times* Sunday Department, consented to help and, as the real brain behind Lester Markel, is largely responsible for what it is today.

In the *Times*' own incisive style for describing "men in the news," it can be said that Phillips is genially lovable, works night and day, takes an occasional drink, has a wonderful sense of humor, is beloved by his cohorts and is, altogether, an absolute prince without vice.—RUSSELL BAKER

Board Member

Joseph A. Dear

The Joe Dear who keeps winning National Press Club elections is a fiction. The man who served as Treasurer and Financial Secretary, and who has now been elected to the Board of Governors, does not exist. He is an image, skillfully created and projected to win votes.

Luckily for Joe, he began with just the right political qualities. He has a steady job and no police record. He seldom says yes to anything, never says no, and always looks wise. Best of all, he knows when to keep his mouth shut, and does it eloquently.

Around this solid core, Joe has woven a political illusion—a man of the people with whom the average voter can identify himself. Listen to the kibitzers who watch him play bridge. "Gee," they'll murmur, "I did that myself one time—locked myself in the wrong hand and blew a cold 3-no-trump contract."

Politicians this shrewd are hard to find. In fact, when you have a complaint about the way the Club is being run, Joe is not merely hard to find—he vanishes completely. Perhaps it is at these times that he devotes a few moments to his family, and to being president of Dear Publications & Radio, Inc.—BILL GOLD

THE COMMITTEE CHIEFS

They do so hold meetings—some even file reports

There is no truth to the rumor that some NPC committees never meet. And only in an instance or two has there been proof that chairmen have ramrodded proposals through by declaring a quorum present based on a chance encounter in the bar.

In actuality, committee chairmen are the "sergeants" of the Press Club. Upon them fall the detailed study and the production work that keep the Club going and form the basis for Board of Governors' decisions. They and a hard-working bunch of committeemen blueprint building changes . . . edit books . . . make financial studies . . fret over dining and bar service . . . line up the world's best-known speakers . . . file annual reports.

Here are the committees, with 1961 chairmen and their affiliation:

House: Robert Roth, *Philadelphia Bulletin;* Membership: William M. Blair, *New York Times;* Library and Arts: Jack K. Burness, *Washington Post;* Subcommittee on Art Show: Martin Dietz and John Koepf, co-chairmen; Subcommittee on Archives: Leland P. Lovette; Publications: Dave LeRoy, *U.S. News & World Report;* Subcommittee on Publicity: Thomas P. Geoghegan, U.S. Steel; Fellowship: G. Douglas Stengel; Entertainment: Sidney Yudain, *Roll Call;* Games: William E. Gold, *Washington Post;* Budget and Finance: Howard Anderson, Bureau of National Affairs; Speakers: Windsor P. Booth, *National Geographic;* Bar: Sam Fogg, United Press International; General Advisory: Ed Edstrom, Hearst Newspapers; Employment: Raoul Blumberg, *Washington Post.*

A 12-man NPC Inaugural Committee gets credit for tonight's ceremonies. Kermit McFarland, Scripps-Howard, NPC board chairman, served as committee chairman, with Orville Crouch, Loew's, as vice chairman.

Committee members were Sol Taishoff, Broadcasting Publications Inc.; Edgar Shelton, American Broadcasting Co.; Ted Koop, CBS News; Claude Mahoney, Mutual Broadcasting System; Joe Goodfellow, National Broadcasting Co.; Lyle Wilson, UPI; Jack Horner, *Washington Star;* Lucien Warren, *Buffalo Courier-Express;* Tony Vaccaro, AP; Thomas D. Geoghegan, U. S. Steel, Sidney Yudain, *Roll Call.*

Frank Brunton, American Airlines, provided gardenias for the ladies.

ROTH

BLAIR

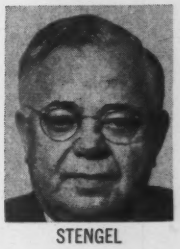
BOOTH

EDSTROM

LeROY

BURNESS

ANDERSON


STENGEL

YUDAIN

GOLD

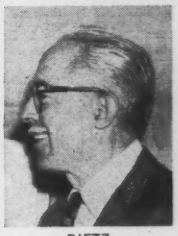
FOGG

BLUMBERG

LOVETTE

GEOGHEGAN

KOEPF


DIETZ

A decade of growth in the Press Club

	Membership of Jan. 1, 1951	Membership of Jan. 1, 1961
Active	866	1,120
Non-Active	750	894
Associate	630	828
	(Total resident, 2,246)	(Total resident, 2,842)
Non-resident	1,983	1,818
Non-active, non-resident	72	231
	(Total non-resident: 2,055)	(Total non-resident: 2,049)
GRAND TOTALS	4,301	4,891

Net gain, all categories: 590

Irish eyes are smiling

FOLLOWING Ed Edstrom into the highest administrative echelon of the National Press Club isn't going to be easy for the new president, John P. Cosgrove. The requirements are severe; the direction full of problems.

A past president, Ted Koop, summed up the situation neatly in *shrdlu,* the club's Golden Anniversary book. He put it this way:

"If the Club's leaders have possesed a single common attribute, it is simply this: a love of the club and a willingness to serve its members. The presidency is not a cloak of honor to be donned in light spirit. Today it is almost a full-time job; hence an understanding boss is a prerequisite.

"The members expect to see their President regularly. If he does not appear for a few days, they evidence a restlessness, a feeling of insecurity. For that reason, there is much taproom talk that only bachelors should be eligible for the office. A married President needs in addition to an understanding boss a sympathetic wife. She must realize that when her husband is at the Club, it is not of his own volition. He is merely attending to the needs of his constituents. Her reward for his long absences comes in a stream of social invitations—all of which naturally require new gowns."

Ted Koop was speaking from personal experience when he wrote those lines. The president must be a dozen men, he explained in *shrdlu:* politician, psychologist, man of decision, businessman to run what now is a million-dollar establishment; urbane presiding officer and witty speaker, *bon vivant* with non-ulcerous stomach, chef and dietitian.

John Cosgrove comes to the presidency with a good complement of all these qualities. Like Ed, Bill Lawrence, Jack Horner and their predecessors, he has a long-standing background in Club affairs and an earnest desire to serve.

Thank you, Ed Edstrom.

You're on, John Cosgrove!

"30" is only the beginning

THREE decades ago radio consisted of 600-odd stations, three (more or less) networks and a few thousand eager young guys, mainly ham radio operators, ex-classified salesmen and theorists who thought the "medium" had a greater future than the miniature golf course.

Drawn for BROADCASTING by Duane McKenna

"When you want to come back, John, I'll meet anything they pay."

Among them were earnest businessmen with one eye on the then Federal Radio Commission and the other on the ledger. Some of them even thought that radio had a future as a news medium. And they were disturbed because the current history of commercial radio was chronicled, if at all, in the jargon of show business.

There were a few reporters specializing in radio even in those days. Two of them thought there should be an *Editor & Publisher* of radio.

Just 30 years ago they sold their idea and got financial backing for a radio trade magazine. Martin Codel, then of North American Newspaper Alliance, and Sol Taishoff, reporter for the *United States Daily* (now *U. S. News & World Report*) who also wrote a radio column for the Consolidated Press under the incredible pen-name "Robert Mack," turned out the first issue of BROADCASTING Oct. 15, 1931. It hasn't missed a deadline since.

Despite the depression and the faltering steps of the youthful radio business, they kept the publication going. It was pretty much a two-man (plus two gal) show that operated in two offices in the National Press Bldg. Within a year they had paid off their "angel," who was caught in the depression squeeze.

BROADCASTING made it through the depression as it narrated in professional journalistic manner the dramatic evolution of the electronic media. In mid-1944 Taishoff bought the Codel half of the magazine, becoming its publisher as well as editor. Recently he added a second magazine, the monthly TELEVISION headquartered in New York. The first issue under Taishoff ownership appeared in mid-January.

Those who work with Sol know the fire of his enthusiasm and his intolerance for shoddy workmanship. They know, too, the intensity of his fight to keep the broadcast media as free as the press.

Vol. 1 No. 1 of BROADCASTING made this promise: "To the American system of free, competitive and self-sustaining radio enterprise, this new publication . . . is dedicated."

Now in its 30th year, BROADCASTING has kept its pledge. That, briefly, is the chronology of a journalistic enterprise directed by an NPC reporter with a considerable flair for business as well as aggressive reporting, and without any knowledge that these lines about his career will appear in a special issue bearing the familiar BROADCASTING bonnet.

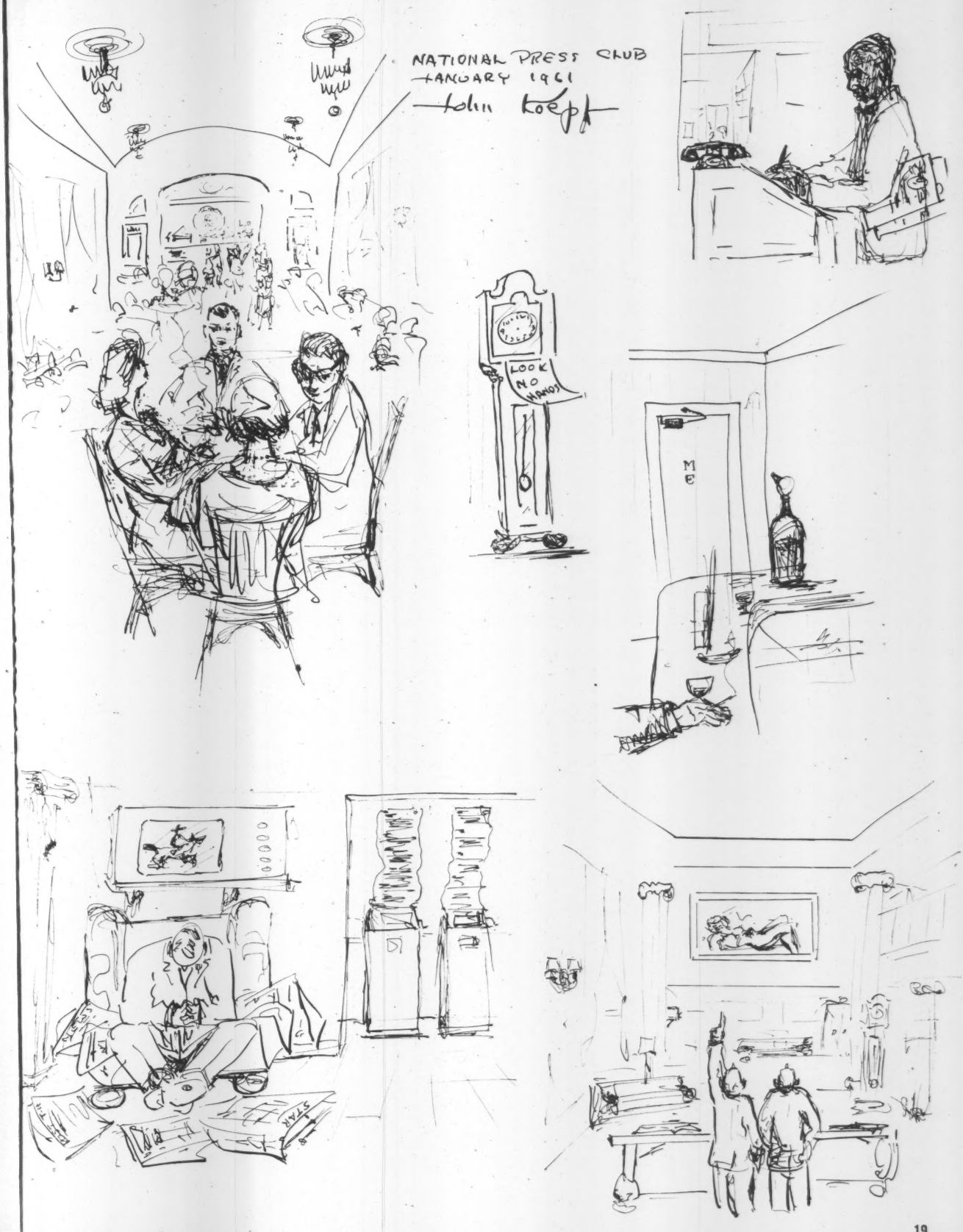
And he's slippery, too

IT'S obvious already that President Cosgrove is going to stay out of a lot of trouble. It couldn't have been a coincidence that Club's dues were raised only five minutes before he was handled the gavel at last Monday's membership meeting.

Some day the maneuvering that hung this lemon around the neck of the previous administration may come to light. The possibilities are intriguing; some day they may provide the plot for television half-hour drama, or maybe even a spectacular.

John's debut as presiding officer at the Pierre Salinger luncheon, his first as President, gave additional evidence of his talents as an adlibber. Bob Hope never picked up a cue faster than the new President during the question-answer session where he accomplished the miracle of negotiating with absolutely no notice a frightening pun based on the "sonata" comment by Pierre and the next question. That comment will live in club infamy. His quick twist of Frank Sinatra into Frank Sonata bears out the claim that the new President is writing his own luncheon scripts.

Well, Club life's like that. Now let's see what happens to the food.


NATIONAL PRESS CLUB
JANUARY 1961
John Kopt
LOOK NO HANDS!
ME
STAR

TELEVISION

Television Magazine—a subsidiary of Broadcasting Publications Inc.